

No. 14 Quincy street, owned by E. J. Lehmann.

No. 48 Randolph street, lot owned by Robert W. Hyman, Jr., leased by Chapin & Gore.

No. 173 South Clark street, owned by the estate of John D. Jennings.

No. 170 South Clark street, owned by H. B. Peabody, building leased by Theodore Kutcher.

No. 70 East Jackson street, owned by Babit Bloom.

Nos. 72 and 74 East Jackson street, owned by W. C. Laberastine.

No. 86 Fourth avenue, owned by Mary L. Scott.

No. 151 West Madison street, owned by Hy Stern.

No. 175 West Madison street, owned by George Reichold.

No. 75 South Halsted street, owned by Charles Cropsey.

No. 77 South Halsted street, owned by Frederick H. Winston.

THEIR RECORDS.

A Third Conviction Will Land Hankins in the Penitentiary.

In times gone by there was an honest administration of justice, and the men who are now milking Chicago dry were not allowed to trap the unwary.

Some of the men who are now running skin gambling games tried it, and they were punished for their pains. The best proof of this is the following from the records of the Criminal Court of this county:

| No. of Case. | Name. | Fine. |
|--------------|-------------------------|-------|
| 874. | Geo. Hankins. | \$250 |
| | First conviction. | |
| 1002. | Geo. Hankins. | 500 |
| | Second conviction. | |
| 1077. | John Belknap. | 500 |
| 1078. | James Conlisk. | 250 |
| 1078. | Chas. Atwood. | 500 |
| 1081. | John Brown. | 250 |
| 1082. | Frank Tieran. | 250 |
| 1082. | James J. Smyth. | 250 |
| | Indicted as John Smith. | |
| 1087. | George Guyon. | 250 |
| 1084. | Jeff Hankins. | 100 |
| 1084. | John Gibbons. | 100 |
| 1084. | Al Hankins. | 250 |
| 1085. | Geo. Lester. | 250 |
| 1087. | Chas. Winship. | 250 |
| 1089. | Peter McGuire. | 250 |
| 1091. | Andrew Scott. | 500 |
| 1096. | Thomas Wallace. | 250 |
| 1097. | James Crow. | 250 |
| 1098. | George Elder. | 250 |

Kirk Gann and Cy Jaynes have each been convicted in the Criminal Court before, and a second conviction will go hard with them.



CREGIER IS TO BLAME.

Citizens Can Make It Easy for Him to Not Enforcing the Law.

Mayor Cregier is going to be held to a strict accountability for his failure to enforce the laws against gambling. Chapter XXIV. of the Revised Statutes of Illinois prescribes the duties of the Mayor of Chicago.

Section 23. of Chapter XXIV. says: "Section 23. He (the Mayor) shall perform all such duties as are or may be prescribed by law or by the city ordinances, and shall take care that the laws and ordinances are faithfully executed."

Does De Witt C. Cregier, Mayor of Chicago, take care that the laws against gambling are enforced?

He does not.

On the contrary he allows the damnable GAMBLERS' TRUST to run its robbing houses wide open and in defiance of all law. The poor are robbed that rich blacklegs may thrive, and Mayor Cregier and his police sit idly by and do not interfere.

Is there no remedy?

There is—in the impeachment of the Mayor.

Section 27 of the same chapter was passed to meet this very case.

Here it is:

"Section 27. In case the Mayor or any other municipal officer shall at any time be guilty of a palpable omission of duty . . . he shall be liable to indictment in any court of competent jurisdiction, and, on conviction, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding \$1,000; and the court in which such conviction shall be had shall enter an order removing such officer from office."

The Mayor is guilty of a palpable omission of duty.

Let him take the consequences.

MIGHTY MEN OF MUSCLE.

FEATS OF STRENGTH THAT EXCEL THOSE OF THE ANCIENTS.

Prospective Contest Between Sampson, Sandow, St. Cyr and Gallagher. Giants Who Snuff Trace-Chains and Bend Strong Iron Bars with the Easiest Ease.

OMETIME within the next few weeks lovers of athletic sports in this country will in all probability be treated to a novel and surprising contest. Sampson, Cyclops and Sandow, the two whose feats of strength have been exciting a furor in London; Louis St. Cyr, the Canadian Hercules, and Denis Gallagher, the wonderful strong man of Buffalo, are expected to meet in a public trial of strength and skill, such as has never before been witnessed in the United States. If half the feats said to have been accomplished in England and elsewhere by these men are duplicated here, the exhibition will be one well worth seeing, and will be notable among nineteenth century athletics.

It is pretty hard to believe all the tremendous stories that are told of those fellows who are coming here to show us just what real physical strength means. For many weeks past a short-necked man with stout legs and a big biceps, calling himself C. A. Sampson, and spelling it with a "p," to show that he wasn't related to the other Sampson, who was so badly tricked by Delilah, has been astounding London audiences by his performances with a young fellow who modestly con-



DENIS GALLAGHER.

cealed his identity under the imposing name of Cyclops. They have been performing at the Westminster Aquarium, and sending out all sorts of challenges from the stage to men who labor under the hallucination that they can lift a ton or two with comparative ease. Finally, after Sampson had offered a prize of \$50 to the man who could do the feat done by Cyclops, his pupil, and \$2,500 to any better man than himself who might turn up, Eugene Sandow undertook the task. He feigns to win the premiums offered by Sampson, but the latter, probably through chagrin, refused to hand over the money.

Some highly amusing stories are told about these contests. Sampson, who is not the herculean person in appearance that his feats would seem to imply, is a native of Metz, the son of a French mother and a Spanish father. He speaks seven languages, plays sonata on the piano with the delicate touch of a girl, and has a biceps measuring 14 inches in repose and 19 inches when he wrestles with an iron rod or a wire rope. His chest measurement is 44 inches, but when he inflates his lungs he adds several inches to his figure. Cyclops, his pupil, is 21 years of age, and a magnificent specimen of physical development.

Sandow is a Pomeranian, and was born at Königsberg twenty-two years ago. For four years he has been trained by Prof. Atkin, one of the best-known athletic teachers in Germany. His development is superior to that of Sampson, his chest measurement being 45 inches, and his biceps and forearm each from 1 to 1½ inches larger than those of his rival. He weighs 262 pounds when in condition. Sandow performed in London before the leading sporting men of England, eclipsing Sampson's most difficult feats, breaking chain bracelets and wire ropes with his forearm, and bending heavy iron rods by striking them across his chest, his arms and his thighs. The bracelet chains, which had a resistance of 2,500 pounds, were snapped like pipe-stems. Among those who witnessed these extraordinary trials of strength were the Marquis of Queensbury, Lord de Clifford and Captain Molesworth, who acted as judges. As the Pomeranian snuffed length after



SANDOW BENDS THE IRON BAR.

length of the steel chain bracelets with his hands and bent the wire ropes with his pectoral muscles, men rose in the audience and waved handkerchiefs in demonstration of an invitation to Sampson to beat the white-skinned bander of the south, but the former walked and declined. Sandow then, after lightly snuffing a 150-pound dumb-bell in the air, two times to keep his hand in, while the judges watched, picked up a chain that weighed Sampson to collapse, the prize

a chain around his back and neck, and proceeded to lift the 150-pound dumb-bell with his hands. The chain snapped, the Brits yelled, and the referee de-



ST. CYR WITH THE 55-POUND DUMB-BELL.

clared that the Pomeranian had beaten the Metz man out of sight.

When these two, with Sampson's incognito comrade, Cyclops, cross the Atlantic, they will meet competitors worthy their prowess. Louis St. Cyr, the "Canadian Hercules," who has challenged Sampson and Sandow, is 26 years of age, and is a man of superb development, standing 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighing 323 pounds; his flesh and muscles are as hard as oak and he is probably the best weight lifter ever seen in this part of the globe. Another challenger is Denis Gallagher, a muscular athlete who formerly resided in Buffalo, and whose specialty is Laneshire wrestling.

St. Cyr and Gallagher have both appeared in public contests. The former has put up a 245-pound dumb-bell from floor to shoulder and from shoulder to arm's length with one hand. On March 28, 1886, at St. Henri, Canada, he lifted a platform on which seven men were seated, and which also contained seven dumb-bells and a barrel of flour, the whole making a dead weight of 2,378 pounds. He repeated this feat six months later. Immediately after this, he placed a barrel of flour upon his shoulder, and followed this up by lifting 3,500 pound of pig iron with a plank as the hold. His tremendous development will dwarf both Sampson and Sandow and render a contest among these giants decidedly interesting.

There are other great Americans who will in all probability enter the list against the herculean foreigners when they arrive. William B. Curtis, the sporting editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, is a famous amateur athlete. He has lifted with the harness 1,250 pounds in New York City. David L. Dowd, of Springfield, has lifted 1,422 pounds with hands alone; H. Leussink, of Cincinnati, has a record of lifting 1,364 pounds; G. W. Winship, of Boston, 1,200 pounds; Ambrose A. Butts, of Auburn, O., 2,757 pounds; Dr. John Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., 2,700 pounds; and C. O.



SANDOW'S GREATEST FEAT.

Breed, of Lynn, Mass., a barrel of flour weighing 226 pounds, with his hands alone. All these men compare favorably with the foreign champions. A carpenter named Stearns, of Granite Corners, N. Y., aged 80 years, shouldered a 4,000-pound cannon.

What Makes a Cat Tread Softly.

"Grandpa, what makes a cat tread softly?" asked little Tommy Findout of his aged relative, as the pair sat down to improve their minds when the evening lamps were lighted.

"It is a faculty provided by an all-wise Creator, my son, which enables the cat to walk softly," replied the old man, as he laid down his paper and beamed on the youthful seeker after knowledge.

"All members of the cat tribe are endowed with a noiseless tread, which greatly facilitates their capturing their prey. You have doubtless noticed that the forelimbs of the feline are furnished with soft, velvety balls or coverings instead of hoofs. These balls extend below the claws, which are drawn up when not in use, enabling the cat to walk across a board floor without the slightest noise."

"Oh, that isn't what makes a cat tread softly," said Tommy, when the old man had finished.

"No? What is it, then?" asked grandpa.

"Hats," replied the boy, while a happy, happy smile lit up his ingenuous face.—*Chicago Times*.

Disagreeable Agreement.

It is dangerous to make a confession unless one really means it, and so may add that it is sometimes dangerous to take a confession as honestly meant.

A husband and wife, between whom a little unpleasant passage had occurred, had made the matter up, and the wife said, as if to clear her conscience, "Oh, well, I suppose I have my faults."

"Yes, my dear," said the husband.

"What?"

"I simply said yes."

"That I have my faults?" exclaimed the wife, indignantly. "What are they? I should like to know?"

"Well, I begin with . . ."

"No, I don't want to hear."

FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Some Suggestions for Heavy Swells.



Some of the prejudice which has heretofore existed against them.

In diagonals and in wide wale goods for spring topcoats the dark-green shadings are quite effective to a quite irresistible degree.

The double-breasted long sack reefer jacket, made to fit loosely, is the bright particular hit of this season in the clothing business.

Well-made trousers are seen at their best under the present accepted vogue as to measurements. The tendency toward the absurd balloon revival has been happily checked. The correct trousers are now cut reasonably snug about the hips with a straight fall and a slight sharp taper toward a point at the bottom.

Aside from the crush hat, the tall silk stovepipe is the only appropriate headgear to be worn with evening dress. Swelldom will welcome the opera hat back again when the proper time arrives, for the silk hat is, upon occasions, very much in the way and decidedly inconvenient to manage.

Some of the ultra swells will wear white waistcoats when the thermometer is down near freezing point. The material is washable, but infinitely warmer than the summer textures.

The figured waistcoat is the one sop cast by the relentless fashion-molders this season to the small army of men with ready money to spend in costume, and possessing a well-defined penchant for the natty and picturesque in dress.

In the variety of style and beauty of workmanship the American manufacturers of canes and umbrellas long since distanced European competitors. These articles come forth in wondrous multiplicity of design at this period of the year, and for serviceability those of the best quality may be warranted to stand all of the tests in contest with the best example on which duty was ever paid.

As if to deprecate and discountenance the wearing of the high hat with the sack dress coat, some of the leading swells have taken to wearing brown and light-colored Derbys with the garment. This attitude makes the association of the high hat and swallowtail even more distinctively correct, and furthermore acts as a foil to any suggestion of encroachment upon the realm of the skirt coat of full evening dress.

How the Infants Shoot.

A charming young public school teacher, with a very lively set of young charges, is responsible for the following tales, which appear in the *Washington Post*. She told the youngsters to write compositions on "Good Manners." This was the most unique, by an eight-year-old:

"Good manners is keeping your fresh mouth out of other people's business."

The teacher drew a picture on the blackboard of a boy wading in the water holding a crab in the net. Little Jules Garnier wrote:

"The crab we see on the board is not a deviled crab, but a salt water crab."

Is the dime novel disappearing from the hands of innocence? It looks that way. The teacher read her pupils a short Indian story. They listened with open-mouthed interest.

"—and tomahawk flew by the boy's head and buried itself in a tree." Now, children, how many of you know what a tomahawk is?"

No response.

"Come, any boy who knows what a tomahawk is may hold up his right hand."

One timid hand went up.

"Well, Johnny, what is a tomahawk?"

"A tomahawk, Miss Mamie, is some kind of a bird, I believe!"

"Why do you think it is a bird?"

"Because it is a hawk, and you said it flew by the boy's head."

Innocence forever, and down with the "Boy Scout of Dead Man's Gulch!"

Cornfield Philosophy.

The hen that lays the golden egg will not make a pot-pie any better than the old rooster that lays no egg at all. Kill the rooster.

The railroad is a good institution until it runs across your own farm.

Don't try to light a match by scratching it on ice.

"Try, try again," is a motto that will hardly apply with good results to investing in lottery tickets.

The poor man has few of the luxuries of this life, but then he is not compelled to lie to the tax assessor.

It will not hurt you for some one to say that you are a liar and a thief. It is only when he proves his charges that you lose caste with your neighbors.

Perhaps the reason that your neighbor prays so long on a Sunday, after cheating you during the week, is that he feels down in his heart that he needs lots of prayer to save him.—*Chicago Ledger*.

An Unappreciated Partner.

Bilkins—How is business, Wilkins? Wilkins—Can't make it go. At this rate I'll be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.

Bilkins—No, you haven't; but you have a good stand, and if you'll promise to keep hands off and let me run things, I'll go in with you as a partner.

Wilkins—Done. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Guest of Mr. Wilkins (ten years after)—What a magnificent place you have! Everything that wealth could buy or heart wish! You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Wilkins (sadly)—True, but after all I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, the old friend, the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.—*New York Times*.

A fine book is no gold and innocent that we sometimes like it and turn out but see that others of a view, but it always turns out a big

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